

You Make Me Go Crazy (So Come Back And Make It Better)

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You Make Me Go Crazy (So Come Back And Make It Better)

by [DancingSkys](#)

Summary

Who says Namjoon can't make Yoongi go crazy when he is not even there?

Just throw in some soft red ropes and a dildo and you'll get amazing results.

Notes

I'm back again to present you some more BDSM cupcakes. I hope you like them. I tried a different topping this time - gosh, I need to stop this, I'm sorry

Anyway, I promised an update for Monday but it's already Tuesday since ten minutes ago, I hope you can forgive me and that you'll like this part of the series as well~

If you have any ideas, requests or wishes for this story or anything else you would like to have written write a commnt here or hit me up on Tumblr ([DancingSkys](#)). I'm also lonely so don't hesitate to just chat with me. I wanna talk to you, my lovely readers T^T

Someone wrapped their arms around Yoongi's body from behind and he immediately relaxed, his head lolling back to rest on Namjoon's shoulder and his eyelids almost falling completely shut. It was strange how his body had adjusted to some very specific actions in quite a short amount of time, sometimes grumbling that he felt like a dog - which he liked, how Namjoon always reminded him so kindly - that had been trained to listen to commands without question.

"Baby, go to the bathroom."

Yoongi blinked his eyes open, not reacting immediately because the request was a bit odd. Usually Namjoon would either strip him or tell him to strip and rile him up before there was any shower or bathtub sex so he was the slightest bit confused and Namjoon had even told him that he had a meeting in an hour and he still needed half an hour to get to the company so he didn't understand where this would be leading. His dom didn't like the delayed reaction and growled in his ear, making the smaller shiver.

"I-I'm sorry, sir. I-I just thought you had a meeting," he said meekly, a wave of heat washing over his body as Namjoon started nibbling on his neck.

"Oh, I do, my thoughtful little sub. Eager to please, aren't we? Remembering Sir's schedule like that," he mocked, squeezing the younger's cock through his pants and earning himself a moan and an arched back. "Y-yes, wanna please S-sir," Yoongi stuttered out, trying hard not to buck his hips. "I appreciate the effort, baby, but I didn't plan on fucking your little hole open against the shower wall," Namjoon teased with that husky voice of his, his sub groaning helplessly, completely at his mercy just how he liked it. "Instead I want you to make a little trip to the toilet and then join me in the bedroom before I go." He slapped the boy's ass as an indication that he should get going, the talk over, and Yoongi scurried away to the bathroom, mind racing and heart already beating wildly.

Once he was finished and had carefully padded into the bedroom his heartbeat picked up even more, thrumming through his body.

"Come here," Namjoon said, clad in black dress pants and a white button down, looking professional as always and it made Yoongi weak

in the knees. He didn't have a clothing fetish or anything - that's what he said - but he had a thing for Namjoon being all professional, unaffected and calm while he himself was a mess, shaking and incredibly hard already, mind racing with the utmost lewd imaginations.

He shuffled over obediently, eyeing the blood red rope in his dom's hand. Namjoon had taken up a liking to practising his rope-skills while watching TV, letting Yoongi kneel in front of him and tying him up while he watched his dramas, having gotten considerably better and even perfecting several different techniques already. "Kneel on the bed, eyes on me," he said and Yoongi hurried to comply, staying attentive and watching how Namjoon clasped the black collar around his neck, the small bell at the front jingling softly. He proceeded to strip the younger before he started with his rope-artwork, crisscrossing it over his back and front, tying his arms and hands behind his back and continuing until his sub was all tied up, looking nice and submissive. He could still move his legs since Namjoon would be gone for a while and he didn't want Yoongi to be completely bound and unable to move. The boy could even pull his hands free if he really tried and his phone was right next to him on the bedside table so he could call Namjoon any time.

He picked up the next item which was a red cockring and slipped it on, Yoongi whining ever so faintly since it meant he wouldn't be able to come until Namjoon was back, which was to be expected, but he still didn't like it.

The older smirked as he readjusted Yoongi so he was lying on his back, legs spread and desired area on display. He spread lube over his fingers and worked the younger open carefully, taking his time and not rushing anything. He grabbed the last item that he had prepared once he felt the mint-haired was ready and smirked evilly as the younger's eyes widened and looked up at him in shock, gaze somewhat hungry and longing.

"Why baby, I'm sure you can take it. You always swallow everything up so well," Namjoon teased and Yoongi breathed out a faint whine, shifting slightly, as much as he could in this position. He could probably take it although the dildo was quite massive but he has had all sorts of things up his ass already, including the neck of a wine bottle, carrots, bananas, a cucumber, ice (including an ice dildo), water, several other plugs and dildos, his dom's fingers and cock most of the time and other random stuff his dom had found suitable. At first Yoongi had been horrified at the idea of having something... other

than the usual toys inside of him but Namjoon had convinced him pretty quickly and honestly... he kinda really, really liked it... much to his own shock and surprise to be honest.

“It’ll stuff you all nicely until I get back, do you want that?”

Yoongi couldn’t resist, nodding his head and biting his lip pleadingly, thighs shaking the tiniest bit. “Yes, sir, please.”

Namjoon smirked, lubing up the blue, glitter-adorned and slightly transparent dildo and pushing it into his moaning sub in one go. Yoongi’s back arched and his chest heaved as he tried to adjust to the painful stretch, legs shaking and tingling slightly. It hurt and his lower regions were pulsating, cock hardening even more and he could already feel the ring’s presence. God, he loved feeling all full and stuffed like this but it was difficult to resist moving his hips, clenching his hands under his back into fists and throwing his head back.

“See, all swallowed up,” Namjoon said proudly and patted his sub’s knee. “Now baby,” he turned around and continued getting dressed, tying his tie and putting on his expensive rolex that he loved so much, not sparing the whimpering mess on his bed a glance. “I’ll be gone for a while and I expect you to be good while I’m gone,” he said sternly, Yoongi stammering a ‘yes, sir’ in his daze. “Since you’ve been good this morning I’ll allow you to try and pleasure yourself.” He was back next to the bed, smirking because he knew although Yoongi might try and do so he couldn’t come since the cockring was still there but he gave the younger the false idea of being able to receive pleasure.

“Th-thank you, s-sir,” Yoongi panted, eyes already hazy and his whole body flushed, hips already circling weakly and moans spilling from his lips, not able to go full-force yet because the dildo was quite thick and he’d just hurt himself if he went all out right from the start.

“Oh and before I forget,” the older said, reaching in between Yoongi’s legs and taking the two strings of rope and pushing them towards the center so they ran right across his hole and up his butt, forcing the dildo to stay in place no matter what. The boy whimpered at the added pressure, panting with an open mouth and bucking his hips slightly.

“You look very pretty baby,” Namjoon said and kissed his forehead, glancing at his watch which told him he had to get moving. “Alright, baby, I’ll leave now. Have fun,” he said with a smirk, hand curling around the small object in his palm as he made his way to the front

door, putting on his jacket and shoes, taking his keys and glancing at the object in his hand, an excited rush going through his body as he pressed one of the small buttons.

A choked scream rang through the apartment, followed by lewd moans and Namjoon put the remote down on the cabinet close to the door before he left just in case the boy couldn't take it, smirking all the way to his car and Yoongi's moans echoing back and forth inside of his head.

God, Namjoon was so evil. Not only had he plugged Yoongi up with a giant ass dildo, no he had plugged him up with a giant ass vibrator that was locked deep inside of him, buzzing away against his prostate and making him go insane. He should have known the 'you can pleasure yourself' part had been a lie but he had been way too hazy-minded to even understand. Now he did though, no matter of rutting, bucking or circling was able to get him any sort of release because of that fucking cock ring. Dry orgasms weren't any fun, he knew that but now he hated them even more, having already had three of them and Namjoon still wasn't back.

He was currently rutting against the bunched up bedsheets between his legs, smearing them with his endless amounts of precum and knees pressing into the mattress, sweat all over his skin and his cheeks wet with tears. His whole body was shaking, unable to find release and he was freaking exhausted, wanting nothing more than to cum so he wailed loudly, not caring if anyone heard but Namjoon just have pretty thick walls because no one had ever complained or had given them weird looks although Yoongi sometimes screamed bloody murder.

Everything was sweaty and hot, his pants short and choked, his thighs shaking and his back hurting. He had even tried pushing the dildo out even the slightest bit but the rope kept it in place, Namjoon once again thinking ahead and outsmarting his poor sub.

Yoongi had absolutely no idea how much time had passed, having no mind to pay attention to something like that but he actually sobbed in relief as he felt large hands grabbing his hips, forcing them up higher and he did his best although his back screamed in protest and his legs were shaking, vibrations pressing into his prostate in this position.

He hadn't even heard Namjoon entering and he should have been

worried about a thief finding him like this but he knew those hands and the cologne and they both belonged to Namjoon, his body immediately feeling a bit recharged and eager to please. (Trained like a freaking dog.)

“S-sir, was good, was good... d-didn-n’t cum, w-was good, p-please, please s-sir,” Yoongi babbled, panting harshly against the sheets and Namjoon chuckled deeply, already hard at seeing his sub like that, completely wrecked and an absolute mess. He had only been gone for about two hours but that had been more than enough for Yoongi. His body was completely flushed and sweaty, cock hard and red, cheeks adorned by tear streaks and dildo still buried deep inside of his pink hole.

“Was my baby a good sub?” he asked teasingly and Yoongi sobbed, nodding his head. “Y-yes, yes, yes, was g-good, sir,” he babbled, stumbling over his own words and body twitching, moaning as the dildo shifted the slightest bit.

“Oh but I like seeing you like this, such a good little sub. All nice and stuffed full. What to do?” Namjoon asked mockingly and the younger whined in despair, bucking his hips desperately to find some sort of friction, wailing as he didn’t find any.

“Please,” he begged, drawing out the word and putting all his neediness behind it, Namjoon actually chuckling at the desperate attempt.

“Then show me what a good sub you are,” Namjoon said, Yoongi rolling over in an extremely ungraceful manner and moaning loudly as the dildo shifted several times, spreading his legs as far as he could and arching his back, begging his dom with his eyes and small whimpers.

The older smirked, pleased with what he saw. He had really trained Yoongi into a perfect sub. He himself was already incredibly hard so he chose to do something about it. He unbuckled his pants and Yoongi was already bucking his hips and moaning, choking on his own spit as he was pulled up by the rope that was connected to his collar, all ropes around his body tightening a bit at the pull. “Suck me off and maybe I’ll let you come,” Namjoon said, the younger already swallowing his hard length and lapping the beads of precum off the tip. He jolted and moaned loudly as the vibrations suddenly got stronger, almost forgetting to suck if it hadn’t been for Namjoon’s rough treatment.

Yoongi hadn't been exactly good at blowjobs at first but now he knew what to do even when he was fucked out of his mind, had a dildo shoved up his ass and had been edged for two hours straight, Namjoon had really trained him well and he loved pleasing him, giving his best so he'd get to come as well.

Namjoon released inside of his mouth and he wasn't allowed to swallow immediately, having to show his dom that he had caught all of it before being instructed to swallow, the older checking his mouth, even shoving a thumb below his tongue before he approved.

"Does my baby want to come?" he asked finally and Yoongi nodded with a whimper, thumb still in his mouth and messing up his words. "P-pleah, sia."

"Hm, you were so good for sir, weren't you?" Namjoon asked and his sub nodded desperately, tears rolling down his cheeks. "Fine then." He pushed the younger down so his chest was on the mattress again, hand soon finding the dildo and pushing the rope aside before he started thrusting the toy back and forth, Yoongi moaning loudly and trying to keep some of his sanity which was about to slip from him.

A warm hand wrapped around his cock and he actually screamed, being incredibly sensitive and even the slightest touch was close to hurting. Namjoon slipped off the ring carefully and immediately went back to squeezing his poor, sobbing sub before he could come. "You're going to hold it in until I say you can come, understood?" the older asked sternly.

"Yes, sir," Yoongi cried out, eyes screwed shut but there were still tears escaping them.

The dildo started moving again and Yoongi was sure he'd pass out any moment, release so close but yet so far and he couldn't take it anymore, head spinning and body almost shutting off, everything was too much and he just-

"Okay."

That was all he needed and with a harsh thrust from the dildo and a loud scream he came all over the sheets, body shaking so hard that Namjoon had to hold him up. His vision exploded into a ball of white, dizziness taking over and he had absolutely no idea who he was, what was happening or anything really. He came so hard, the dripping of white and soon almost clear fluid seeming to be endless but he finished eventually, body and mind completely wrecked, only

managing to whisper a weak ‘thank you, s-sir’.

Namjoon waited quite a while, amazed by his sub’s release before he ever so carefully started pulling out the toy, Yoongi wailing loudly after just a few centimeters so he did a short break before continuing, finally getting it all the way out and putting it aside for now. He moved his limb but panting sub slightly so he could lower him into a still somewhat clean spot and worked on untying him, cooing all over him and stroking his sides reassuringly. Yoongi seemed to be really far gone this time so he was extra careful and gentle, taking his time and massaging his arms and wrists to get the blood flowing again.

An hour later he had bathed the younger and dressed him some pajamas, wrapping him up in a blanket and putting him down into the armchair with a piece of chocolate while he changed the sheets. He changed into pajamas as quickly as he could before he took Yoongi and laid him down under the covers where he joined him, back to back whispering sweet words into his ear and pulling him close to wrap his arms around him like a protecting blanket.

“Thank you for your services, sweetie,” he said and kissed the boy’s ear. “You did a really good job today.”

The next morning Yoongi woke up and felt like he was still dreaming, feeling somehow funny and incredibly light, gaze still hazy but there was already a faint ghost of a smile on his lips and he had absolutely no idea why until he tried to roll over and a stinging pain shot up his back.

“Fuck,” he yelped and tried to arch away from the pain which only made it worse, quickly rolling onto his side and resting there while panting faintly, pain subsiding into a dull ache. “Fucking hell,” he groaned and rested for a while, feeling strangely pleased although his back was hurting like a bitch.

Namjoon poked his head into the room a moment later, grinning as he found Yoongi awake amidst all the blankets, the smaller glaring daggers at him. The older’s grin widened even more as he stepped closer and bent down to push the other’s hair out of his face. “You wanna eat something? You can have some painkillers afterwards,” he suggested, Yoongi grumbling something under his breath but reached out for the lawyer nevertheless, wanting to be picked up.

“Did you have fun yesterday?” he asked with a teasing voice, nuzzling

Yoongi who whined softly. “You left me with that monster up my ass and a cockring for fucking ever,” he grumbled. “It was fucking glorious.” And he actually meant it and Namjoon knew that, grinning in a pleased manner and gathering the younger in his arms, mindful of his hurting back. “Now that’s what I like to hear,” he said and carried the mint-haired to the kitchen where he prepared breakfast for the two of them, sipping on his coffee while Yoongi swallowed down his mango juice eagerly.

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